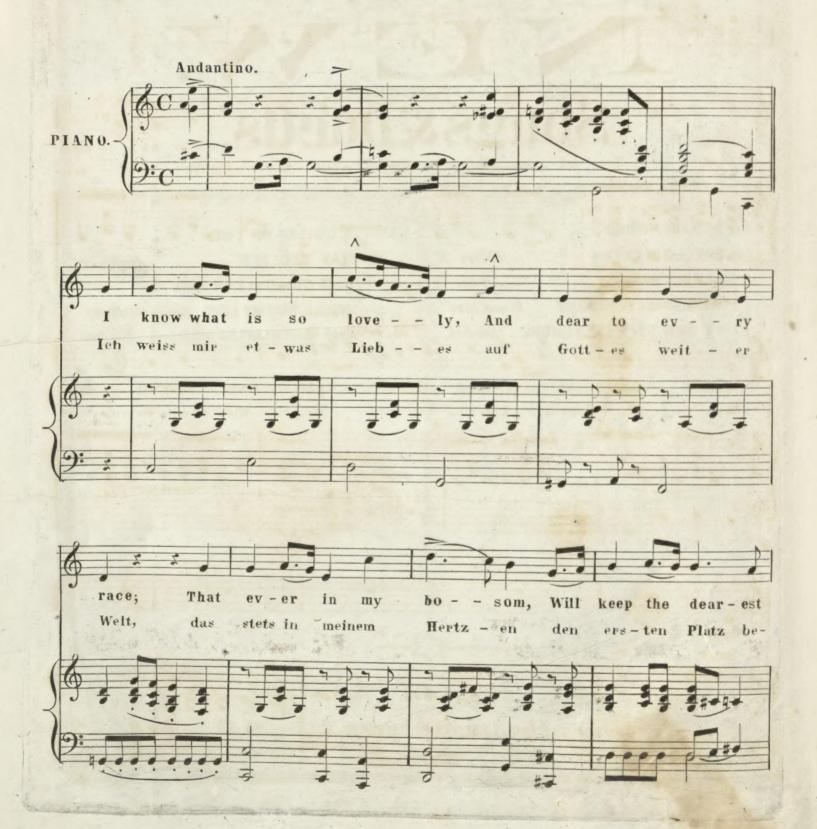


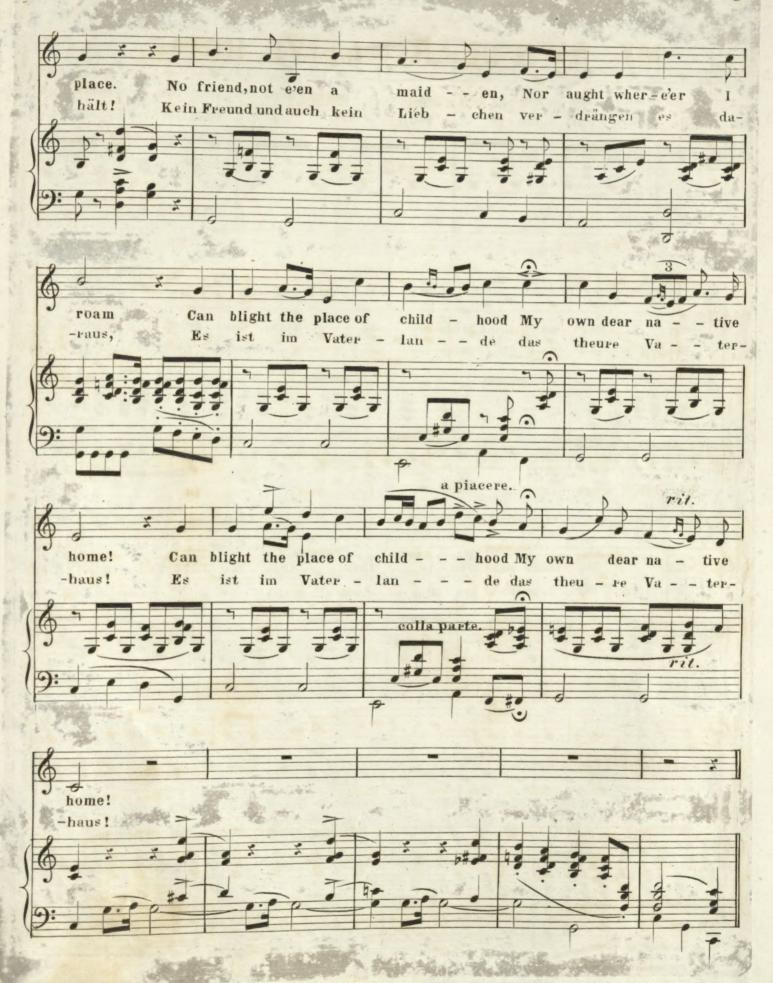
MY OWN DEAR NATIVE HOME.

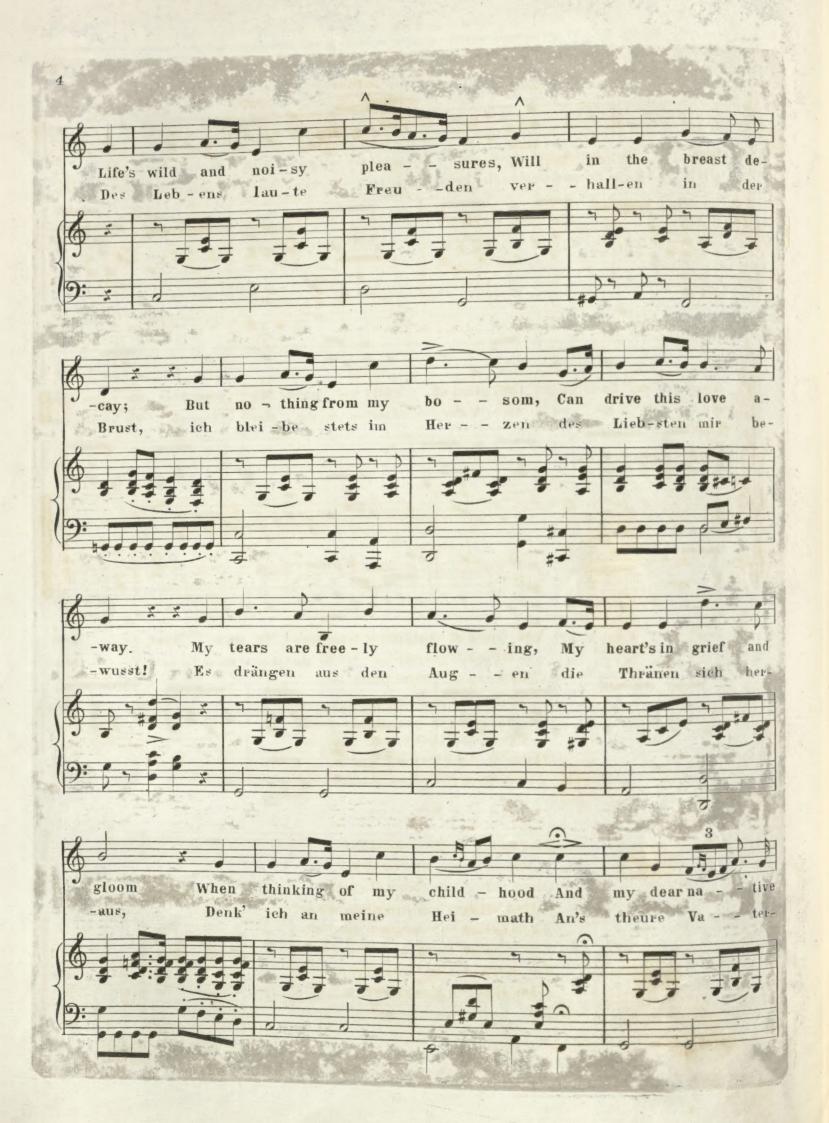
DAS THEURE VATERHAUS.

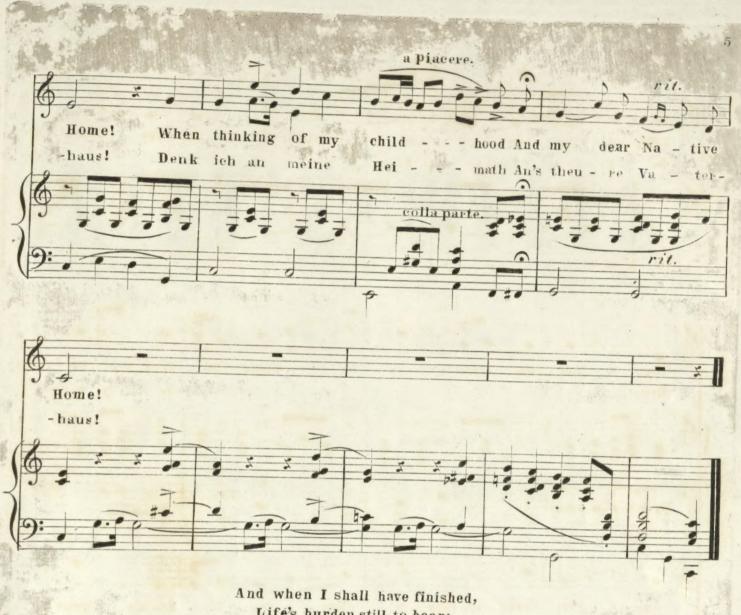
By

F. GUMPERT.









Life's burden still to bear;
Then heap a mound upon me,
And plant a flower there.
But take from out my bosom,
The heart that's full of gloom;
There is no place of quiet,
But in my Native Home!

Und hab' ich einst geendet

Des Lebens bittern Lauf,
Dann setzt mir einen Hügel

Und pflanzt ein Blumlein d'rauf.
Doch nehmt aus meinem Busen

Das arme Herz heraus,
Das Herz, das hat nur Ruhe
Im theuren Vaterhaus.

3.

3.

